

Merry Christmas

The STAR

Douglas Mallock

UPON the East appears
a shining star,
Pinned like a jewel to the
purple night,
One glowing star that lights
a waiting world,
One gleaming star, a beacon
and a lamp.

FIVE points it has, five
points like lesser
stars.

One looks to Heaven, and
its name is Faith.

Two follow the horizon: one
is Love.

The other world-encircling
Brotherhood.

Another, Kindness, burning
on unchanged,

And Charity, the fifth, are
set toward Earth

To bring it nearer Heaven.

OUT from them all, from
every shining point.
Pour forth such rays!—a
glory radiant

That seeks and finds the
heaven's highest dome,
That seeks and finds the
deepest vale of Earth,
The hearts of princes melts,
the beggars' warms.

BEHOLD the Star," they
cry, "of Bethlehem!"
The Star of Faith and Love,
of Brotherhood,
Of Charity and Kindness!
And behold

Around, about, its fair, efful-
gent rays—

The Christmas Spirit—light-
ing all the World!

Now "Peace on Earth," they
cry, "Good Will to Men!"

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Good Christmas Motto.

"Peace on earth, and good will to men," is the Christmas motto, and the Christmas spirit should ring in our hearts and find a kindly expression in acts and words. What a joyful thing for the world it would be if the Christmas spirit of peace and good will could abide with us all every day of the year. And what a beautiful place this world would be to live in. And it might be so if each one of us would resolve in our hearts that peace and good will should be our motto every day, and that we, individually, would do our best to make the Christmas spirit last all the year round.

THAT CHRISTMAS PRESENT.



"She's afraid I wasn't going to give anything to her."
"What makes you think that?"
"She sent in her present to me yesterday."

BUYING A GIFT FOR HIS WIFE

This Man Had Plenty of Help
While on a Shopping
Tour.



THE male shopper walked up and down the aisle of the big store looking about him with an expression of despair. He knew what he wanted to buy all right. It wasn't that. But he kept wandering about looking at the saleswomen behind the counters with all the perplexity of a dog trying to recall where he had buried a soup bone.

He stood off to one side staring intently at a busy young creature with dark bay hair behind the ribbon counter, and at last walked up within talking distance.

"Don't suppose you can leave here for a few minutes, can you?" he began in a low tone.

"Well, no!"

"I say—never mind. I mean wait a minute I'll be back."

And he rushed away to hide his confusion from the other shoppers. He did not return, but went over to another aisle and began sizing up people there, both in front and behind the counters.

Was the man bughouse? No. Just be patient and you'll hear all about it.

He kept looking and looking, and at last his gaze took in a tall young woman—reasonably young—with a bunch of small packages tucked under her arm. He walked up to her, hesitated, and then blurted: "Beg pardon, madam, but may I speak to you a moment?"

She gave him a look and started to hurry away, but he was obliged, hav-



"Don't You Suppose You Can Leave Here for a Few Minutes?"

ing gone that far, to make good and convince her of the innocence of his motives.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, catching up with her. "I'm not trying to flirt or get fresh. Honestly, now, I'm not in the habit of speaking to women I don't know. Look me over and you'll see that I'm well-meaning enough. But the fact is you—ah, you—ah, you're just the same size as my wife—apparently! And—"

The woman gasped. "I don't see—"

"Oh, but I want to ask a favor of you," went on the male shopper, more at ease now. "I've looked all over the saleswomen and the only one that would do was busy behind the ribbon counter, but you're just precisely what I need—oh, I beg your pardon, I mean you're just exactly my wife's size and can tell me what to ask for. You see, I came here to buy her a shirtwaist that she's been dropping little hints about, and now that I'm here it's just struck me that I haven't the remotest idea about her size. I'm the densest person you ever saw about such things—don't even know my own waist measurement. I'm positive, though, that whatever your size is would do for her. You may be an inch taller than my wife, but that's about the only difference."

"It's a little unconventional, isn't it?" the woman smiled not unpleasantly. "Still I don't see why I shouldn't tell you that my size is—that my shirtwaists are usually size thirty-six."

They had been walking down the aisle and were now right by the shirtwaist counter.

"I had a blue one picked out there," remarked the man, "that seemed to be about what I wanted to get, but I didn't know what size it was. See! That's lying over there on top of that pink outfit."

"Does your wife like that shade of



Forget your
troubles and
be gay,
And make
this a Merry
CHRISTMAS
DAY : : :

blue?" the woman asked significantly, after biting her lips for a moment.

"Why—er—well, of course she hasn't seen it," replied the male shopper. "Do you suppose she'd like some other color better?"

"You see," pointed out the kind woman in a considerate, half-sympathetic tone, "that particular shade of blue doesn't go with any other color. Now, if I were receiving a shirtwaist for Christmas I should want a white waist. Of course your wife may have expressed a preference for some other color. No? Well, now you understand it's none of my affair—and this is certainly rather informal, me helping you to select something for your wife, whom I don't even know, to say nothing of not even knowing your name—but I should think any woman would be delighted with something like this one, for instance."

And she reached over to pick up one with a lot of lace and mosquito netting on the front of it.

The male person inquired the price. It was \$4 more than the blue one he had selected, but he said he would take it, and no questions asked.

"Send it out to number so-and-so Such-and-such street, and—oh, that won't do. It might be delivered when she was at home and that would queer the whole thing. Better send it to my office. Thomas J. Wingett is the name, in the Pretentious building. I'd carry it, but I've got a lot of steps to make."

"Wingett," repeated the woman after hearing his name; "there's a Mrs. Wingett in our card club. You don't happen to be Mrs. Alice Wingett's husband, do you?"

"I sure am," grinned the man. "She's the girl that's going to get that shirtwaist off the pine tree next Monday."

"Well, of all things," gasped the kindly disposed woman. "I don't know Alice Wingett so very well, but I've met her at the club, and it does seem funny that I should be helping her husband to pick out a Christmas present for her. My name is Cummins. I don't suppose you know my husband. He travels most of the time."

"Seems to me I've heard Alice speak of a Mrs. Cummins," says Wingett. "Er—by the way, maybe you'd better not say anything to Alice when you see her about—about how informally we were introduced. She might think it funny. Like as not she'd think I'd been walking up and down the aisle staring at folks."

"I have a notion to tell her what you just said," gurgled Mrs. Cummins. "I guess I won't though. Seems to me the joke would be partly on me. Well, I hope Alice likes the shirtwaist."

"If she doesn't she hasn't good taste," grinned Wingett. "I certainly am obliged to you. If you can't make up your mind what to get your husband, let me know, and maybe I can help you out."

And he bowed gracefully as his new acquaintance gathered up her packages and tripped on her way.



Always a New Lot.

About Christmas, consider this: There are at least four thousand kids who were too young to take note last year who are just old enough to be surprised when the tree lights up this year. Always there is a new bunch of Christmas come-ons.

GOOD WISHES

By FORTUNE FREE.

SOMEONE said that the richest person was the one who was fullest of good wishes for others and who received their good wishes in return. Wishing others well did him or her all the good in the world, and the good wishes in return were powerful for good. Don't we find it so ourselves? No one can do without them. They are our dearest possessions.

Montague Williams, the celebrated British barrister, once related the story of a rather unlovely old gentleman of miserly habits and rejoicing in the nickname amongst the urchins of the neighborhood of "Old Pickbones." Generosity was not one of his virtues, and if he wished any human creatures well he kept it a secret to himself. He was a man who seemed impervious to all good wishes—a solitary old grudge who cared nothing for the good or the bad wishes of any human creature.

When he died, however, it turned out that he had been by no means as thick-skinned as he seemed. He left a will in which he bequeathed money to different persons, and ten thousand pounds to some unknown individual whom he directed his solicitor to discover if possible. That person had been accustomed to send him yearly an anonymous post card with just, "Best wishes at this time to you."

The writer gave no clue as to who he was. Did the old gentleman tear the cards up or throw them into the fire? Not a bit of it. He had carefully preserved them—tied them up in a nice packet. "If the writer can be discovered," he ordered in his will, "I

bequeath him ten thousand pounds for his good will."

I would dearly have liked to be the sender of those post cards to him, but that money, but all efforts to find him proved unavailing.

One cannot help wishing well to a person who wishes others well. Good wishes are the biggest bond on earth. Isn't it a delightful thing to think that others are thinking of us?

The well-wisher is thinking of us. He also puts his good thought for us into words: "I wish you every good luck," or something of that kind. It is like a grasp of a hand pressing ours. It blesses both the giver and the receiver. I don't know which gets the most out of it.

There are times when the world breaks out into a mighty shout, as it were, of good wishes. Christmas time is the great season. Never had we more need of them than at this coming Christmas time. It is an enormous opportunity for the good wisher to make his power felt.

It is a curious and beautiful thing about this Christmas spirit, that year after year it leads us to attempt the all but impossible, in order to give pleasure to others; while in the end everyone's joy is the result, not of what he has received from others, but of what he has done for them.

Utility.
"Does your wife favor useful gifts?"
"Too much," replied Mr. Meekton.
"Last Christmas she bought me a nice new snow shovel."

Under the Mistletoe

by De Sylve Herree Cass



A COIFFURED mesh of copper-colored hair, half disarranged, yet as scientific as a spider's web—humid melting eyes, luminous with a light born only of itself—a dimpled pitfall on one cheek where art and nature blend indistinguishably—red, red moist lips beneath which the ardent blood of maidenhood throbs strongly like a runner's pulse—a seductive sweep of velvety throat, with the delicate tracery of veins showing faintly violet—a tempestuous bosom—

And around all this, Two Arms—a Man's.